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Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

POETRY.

MUNDANE PLEASURES.

O why, when life's bright smiles do shed
Their radiance o'er our way,
When sparkling mid the heavens doth beam
The star of destiny,
That void so fearful in the soul,
That darkness dread, beyond control
Of human will to dissipate,
Which shrouds the spirit!—Why this state
Of longing deep, yet unexpressed,
The undefined!—This strange unrest!
These striving voices, which o'er-sweep
Of thought the vast eternal deep,
Awaking mid its chambers dim
A response to their solemn hymn!

And would'st thou, mortal, solve the mystery?
Beyond the portals of infinity
The revelation dwells. A wanderer here,
The immortal eighth of his native sphere,
A response giveth to the voice low
Which stray from hence; the rich harmonious flow
Of those pure waters of eternity;
And fain would throw aside its bonds, and free
Forever soar, but that frail nature shrinks
Aghast from that dread power which breaks the links
Of life, and clingeth madly to those joys,
Earth's happiness, which teemeth with alloys
In endless series.

MARINE DE VREZE.

POPULAR TALES.

THE AWAKENED HEART.

My schoolmate, Lizzie L., was one of those gay, thoughtless, high-hearted beings, whom every body likes, but who rarely awaken a deep and abiding interest in one's heart. Before we can truly love our companions we must have wept as well as laughed with them; they must have called forth the hidden sympathies of our nature; we must share their sorrows no less than their joys, and this is as true in childhood as in later life. Now, Lizzie's heart was always so full of joyousness, that those of a less gladsome temper were often oppressed and overpowered by her gaiety. Her susceptibility to outward impressions was so great, that it gave her the semblance not only of fickleness, but even of insincerity; and they who sounded the depths and shallows of her girlish character found no anchorage-ground for their faith. Her parents had died when she was little more than an infant, and Lizzie would have been thrown upon the cold charity of the world, had it not been for the kindness of a gentleman who had been her father's bosom friend from boyhood. He took the child to his house, and placing her under the charge of a sister, who presided over his bachelor's household, avowed his determination to protect and provide for the orphan. Had Lizzie been older when these circumstances occurred, a sense of gratitude might have given more depth to her feelings, but the effect now was rather an injurious one, since it exonerated her from those claims of tenderness which naturally spring up in the relation between parent and child. She had no ties of blood to any living creature, and as the unbroken prosperity of her benefactors deprived her of all opportunity of making those daily self-sacrifices which, under other circumstances, her gratitude might have suggested, she grew up towards womanhood without having one deep emotion awakened in her bosom. Gentle, sweet-tempered and joyous, she yet seemed totally deficient in the power of earnest feeling. She resembled one of those beautiful Chinese drawings, where birds and flowers and butterfly are delicately drawn and exquisitely colored, but where the total absence of all shadows so fatigues the eye, that it gladly turns to some less resplendent and more softly tinted picture.

After leaving school I lost sight of Lizzie for about two years, when I met her at a fashionable watering place, attended by her guardian and his sister. Mr. Weldon was one of those well preserved specimens of manly beauty, which seems to defy all attempts at verifying dates. A stranger might have thought him somewhere about five-and-thirty, while those who remembered his face about town for the last twenty years, knew that he must be much older. Yet the absence of all those daily cares which wear so much upon the physical frame, had enabled him to retain much of his youthfulness of appearance, while a judicious use of the convenient appliance of art, enabled him to supply the ravages of time. He was handsome in person, grave and dignified in manner, affluent in his circumstances, liberal and good-natured in disposition, and remarkable for nothing so much as his tendency to abstract speculations, and his fondness of books, which he devoured with a voracity that effectually prevented all healthy digestion of their contents. Naturally studious in his habits, his large patrimony had left him without a motive for active exertion; and his veneration for true genius led him to despise the temporary reputation of popular authorship. He had, therefore, given himself up to the pleasure of literary idleness, and contented himself with enjoying the fruits of other men's labor, without putting forth his hand to scatter the seed which might have grown up into a stately tree, for the overshadowing of some future wayfarer in the rugged path of learning.

His sister, Miss Weldon, was a real old school spinster. Tall, thin and as upright as if her back had never been allowed to repose its perpendicularity during the last half century, with a face of most decided ugliness, but full of benevolent expression; she was as rigid and unbending in her character as she seemed in person. Extremely exacting in small matters, but remarkably liberal in all important ones, she would reprimand a servant with excessive severity for neglecting to brush away a cobweb, while she would exercise the utmost charity toward a moral failing! In short, she was one of those persons who so often shock our instinctive sense of justice, that their opinions become at length of little importance, and their influence is rather injurious than beneficial to those of more impulsive character.

Lizzie had grown up very beautiful, but her infantile expression of countenance had gained no shadow from the impending duties of womanhood, and it was easy to perceive that the high-heartedness which characterized her early days, was still her prevailing trait. Her cheek was as round and rosy, her lips as bright, her blue eyes as full of mirth as in childhood. But her golden hair had a tinge of deeper brown upon its rich curls, her brows were darker and more firmly pencilled, and the long black lashes which fringed her laughing eyes, gave a new and pleasing softness to her expression. Her extreme beauty attracted around her all those butterflies of fashion, who flutter their brief season in the sunshine of gay life; and the wealth of him whom the world considered her father by adoption, gave new zest to the admiration which her loveliness excited. I thought, however, that I could perceive something like disquiet in the watchfulness with which Mr. Weldon regarded Lizzie and her admirers. Indeed, the evident annoyance which he once or twice displayed, when her sylph-like form was whirled through the mazes of a waltz, in the arm of a tall, black-whiskered beau, convinced me that there was something more than paternal fondness in his prudent care for her.

I was little surprised, therefore, when, in the course of the following winter, I received an invitation to attend the nuptials of Mr. Weldon and his beautiful ward. Lizzie was certainly one of the loveliest of brides, and though she looked rather like the daughter than the wife of him to whom she plighted her faith, yet there was a gentle reverence in her manner toward him, which seemed to promise more happiness than usually results from such unequal marriages. The truth was, that Mr. Weldon, early in life, had met with one of those disappointments, which often freeze forever the deepest fountain of affection. He could never again love with that fervor which had characterized his first attachment; but he was kind and affectionate in his disposition, and his regard for Lizzie, while it was almost paternal in its character, yet derived something of earnestness from the absence of all ties of actual kindred between them. He saw that her position in society was a dangerous one, and mingled with his disinterested wish for her future welfare, was a natural emotion of jealousy towards those who aspired to her favor. He finally persuaded himself that Lizzie's happiness could be best promoted by a continuance of the guardianship which had watched over her childhood; and after sundry deliberations with his sister, it was finally decided that he should make Lizzie his wife. It is true he was thirty years her senior, but this disparity only made her a safer guide for her inexperience, and the subject was at length referred to Lizzie; but less in the form of a proposition than as the final arrangement of a long settled project. Lizzie was somewhat startled at the first development of the scheme. She reflected upon it gravely for at least an hour—a long time in Lizzie's calendar at thoughtfulness—and finally, having come to the conclusion that it was a duty which her benefactors seemed to expect of her, that Mr. Weldon was one of the handsomest men she knew, even if he was not very young, and that she really liked him better than any one else in the world—she avowed her consent to the marriage.

Like all persons, in whom a strong sense of inner life has never been developed, Lizzie was keenly alive to all the pleasurable excitements of external circumstances. In compliance with her wishes, Mr. Weldon purchased a new house, furnished it in the most luxurious manner, and installing his sister in her wonted dignity as housekeeper, commenced a style of living as different as possible from his former plain habits. Lizzie was just like a petted and indulged child; she caressed and coaxed her husband with so much girlish grace and sweetness, that he never could refuse any request, however unreasonable it might seem to his better judgment. Her good temper enabled her to yield so easily and so becomingly in small matters, that she was always sure to have her way in every thing which seemed to contribute to her real gratification, and she was thus enabled to indulge her taste for gayety and expenses, without in the least degree impairing the harmony of her pleasant home. Proud of her beautiful wife, pleased with the respect and deference with which she always treated him, confiding implicitly in her really good principles, and conscious that her affection rendered his highest pleasure in anticipating her every wish. His sister sometimes remonstrated and reproved, but her opinions had but little weight, and Lizzie was allowed to acquire habits which were only fitted for a life of self-indulgence; while her years fleeted by without affording her the experience which the ordinary chances and changes of time bring to all.

I saw but little of Lizzie during this period, for

the dissipation in which she lived, did not harmonize with the quiet in which my heart found happiness. I heard continually of Mrs. Weldon's splendid parties, of her costly equipages, of her extravagance in dress, of her brilliant success in society, and of the singular attachment which subsisted between the young wife and her elderly husband, undisturbed as it seemed by all the allurements of society, on the one side, and the increasing distaste to gay life on the other. But a few years passed away, and all was changed. Mr. Weldon died suddenly, and a will which bequeathed his fine fortune to be equally divided between his wife and sister, was found in his desk, without signature. Miss Weldon, however, produced a will of much earlier date, legally executed several years previous to his marriage, which gave to his sister his whole estate, and Lizzie now found herself totally unprotected for. Upon further investigation, it was found that there had been an understanding, many years previous, between the brother and sister, respecting the disposition of the estate; and that each had executed a will which secured to the survivor the whole of their large and undivided patrimony. The manifest injustice of such a will, after his marriage, had suggested itself to Mr. Weldon, and he had intended to satisfy his conscience by an equal division, but he had deferred the fulfillment of his design until death came to set his seal upon that which was already done.

When I heard of Lizzie's misfortunes, all my former interest in her was renewed, and I was among the first to visit her in her seclusion. I found her looking very lovely in her grief, for she retained at five-and-twenty, much of the fresh beauty which characterized her at fifteen; and, as her sweet young face looked out from beneath the heavy and ungraceful widow's cap, she seemed to be enacting some piquant part in a masquerade. But she did not grieve heartily and truly for her kind husband, and total ignorance of the wants and value of money, led her to pay little attention as yet, to the provisions of his unjust will. I could not but lament the fate of one who had lived in an atmosphere of luxury until it seemed to me, she was unfitted for any other, and when I saw her total unconsciousness of the unfortunate predicament in which she was placed, I could not but depreciate the injudicious indulgence which had left her now with a character half formed, and a mind but half developed, to struggle with the exigencies of life. But Miss Weldon, touched by Lizzie's genuine sorrow for the dead, and her apparent indifference to the change in her fortunes, determined to fulfil in part the evident wish of her brother. With a cautious degree of liberality, which certainly did credit to her prudence, she proposed to continue their splendid establishment, on the same scale of magnificence, and offered to share with Lizzie the income derived from Mr. Weldon's estate; thus making the widow seemingly independent, while, in fact, all the luxuries which she had now made necessary for her comfort were held only at the good will and pleasure of the spinster. This mockery of wealth might have been rejected by a more sensitive mind, but Lizzie had never felt any very delicate scruples on the subject of her self-indulgence, and knowing that her husband would have wished her to continue in the company of his sister, she seemed quite content to accept Miss Weldon's offer. Indeed she possessed too generous and liberal a spirit to feel that there was any dependence in her position, for she never dreamed that Miss Weldon could feel that she was conferring, as an obligation, what her sense of justice must have dictated to her as her duty. So Lizzie continued to indulge her habits of indolence and luxury without a single fear of the future. The protracted morning slumber, the late breakfast served in her dressing room, the perfumed bath, the attendance of a well trained dressing maid at her toilet, and all the thousand wants and whims which unlimited wealth, and the command of a train of obsequious servants could create, were still allowed to fill up the measure of her days.

Among my few tried and valued friends of the opposite sex, was one who afforded a living proof of the doctrine of compensations; since Heaven, in denying him all appliances of fortune, had bestowed upon him every thing most desirable in the human character. Frank F. possessed the richest gifts of a commanding and powerful intellect; his brilliant imagination, his sparkling wit, his fervid fancy, his clear judgment, his correct taste, were equally exhibited in his writings and in his daily conversation; while his fine, genial qualities, his kindness of heart, his warm affections, his tenderness of nature, and his susceptibility to all generous impulses, made him one of the most attachable as well as one of the most admirable of men. His person was remarkably fine, his head would have charmed a physiologist, and his sparkling, vivid, expressive countenance, left one no opportunity of criticising the irregularity of feature which would have marred a less noble face. He had passed the prime spring time of youth, but was in the very prime of manhood, and had I been called to depict the character which came nearest to my beau ideal of the sex, I should have drawn the portrait of my friend Frank.

Such was the person who accidentally met Mrs. Weldon, when, in the third year of her widowhood she discarded the more ungraceful portion of her weeds and returned to the gay scenes which she had once adorned. Her long seclusion, and the quiet touch of sorrow, had given a softness to her manner, and added new charms to her beauty, and Frank soon became deeply and desperately in love with the gentle widow. I must confess that I was both disappointed and grieved by this untoward chance, for I esteemed Frank too much to contemplate with patience his attachment to, so frivolous a character. The

devotion of such a heart to such an idol, seemed to me little better than desecration. But the voice of reason has little influence over the dictates of passion, and though I availed myself of the privilege of long tried friendship, in my remonstrance against the folly of such an attachment, I found many arguments of no avail.

"You do not know Mrs. Weldon," said Frank to me one day, when I had been discoursing at some length of her utter incapacity of loving as he deserved to be loved; "you do not know her if you believe her to be incapable of strong emotions. There are some hearts in which, as in the burning soil of a tropical climate, passion-flowers spring up spontaneously, but there are others where are found only the sweet wild-flowers of the gentler affections, until culture brings forth the perfumed blossoms of a summer clime. The full strength of Lizzie's womanly nature has never been called forth. The joyousness of temper, which to you seems an evidence of frivolity, is but the overflow of a deep and living spring of tenderness which lies unstirred within her bosom."

"And can you believe, Frank, that in all the changes which come over woman's character from childhood to youth—as a maiden, and as a wife—can you believe that those deep affections which still remain hidden, if she really possessed them?"

"Surely, surely," was the earnest reply, "she never knew the strong love which binds a daughter to the mother who watches over her infancy, and to the father who guards her youth; a feeling somewhat filial, but less devoted in its character—a feeling of mingled respect and gratitude bound her to her husband; the maternal instincts, which in so many hearts supply the place of passionate emotions, have never been awakened in her heart; her duties have all been preformed without the need of earnest affections; her character is but half developed."

"And now, at eight and twenty, you expect to discover & bring to light these precious treasures?"

"I do; nay, more, I have already succeeded in inspiring emotions such as never before disturbed the calm current of her life."

"Wait till the moment of self-sacrifice comes, and then test the value of that which you deemed self gold, Frank; if she could relinquish all her selfish indulgences, and adapt herself perfectly and entirely to your fortunes, I might give credit for some energy of feeling and action, but her position places herself above the reach of such a trial, and you will be more likely to be spoiled by the luxury with which your marriage will surround you."

"Good heavens! my dear madam, is it possible you do know the penalty attached to the union with me? Miss Weldon upon whom her husband's sudden death left her entirely dependent, has declared that in the event of a second marriage she shall withdraw the allowance she has hitherto permitted her to derive from the estate."

"Can it be possible? What then is to be done?"

"For my part I am glad of it, since it obviates my only objection to wedding the object of my tenderest love. I would not have the world give me credit for the prudential marriage, and when we are united Lizzie will be as poor as myself."

"And has she consented to be your wife at such a sacrifice?"

"I have a great mind not to satisfy your ungenerous doubts. We are to be married next week."

"But what are you going to do, Frank, with so perfectly useless a wife?"

"I am going to settle in the West, the Eldorado of all imprudent and unsuccessful people."

"I laughed heartily at this wild project."

"What, take Lizzie to the log-cabin, and expect her to cook your bacon and knead your bread? Why, Frank, she never rises until eleven o'clock, and then cannot breakfast except upon French chocolate, served up in Sevres china."

"She will learn better, and be all the happier in the novelty of a different kind of life."

I shook my head with the most knowing expression of doubt and dissatisfaction, and our conversation ended.

A second time I saw Lizzie arrayed as a bride and if she had not lost some of the freshness of glad youth, I fancied she had gained something more elevated and noble from the daily contemplation of moral excellence in her lover. But when I looked on Frank, and remembered that he was, now, in the lowest ebb of fortune, and that he was uniting to his own the destiny of a creature nursed in the lap of luxury, I could have wept at my own melancholly forebodings.

Miss Weldon fulfilled her threat, for her indignation at Lizzie's second marriage knew no bounds, and the gentle widow was a portionless and penniless bride. A few weeks were given to the enjoyment of society and then the newly wedded pair wended their way to the far West.

Twelve months had elapsed after their departure when I was gladdened by a letter from Frank F.

"How you would wonder," he said, "if you could look in upon us now. Lizzie is actually cooking a peice of bacon for my dinner, and its savoury smell mingles with the rich steam and corn bread which she has just placed upon the table. Our house is divided into two apartments—one is our parlor, kitchen and hall,—the other is our bedchamber, and Lizzie's taste has contrived to give an air of comfort to the desolate dwelling. Instead of rising at eleven, Lizzie is up with the sun, and her first care is bring me a cup of soft, warm water for my toilet, (for she insists upon my shaving every day, though in this part of the country it is only a weekly luxury.)

While I am performing this operation she prepares our breakfast, and though it is not made of French chocolate, nor drank from any more costly cups than common white delf, yet we enjoy it with an appetite such as only health and happiness can give. I wish you could see how sweet Lizzie looks in her calico dress and clean check-apron. She is a little browned by the sun, and her hands are sadly soiled, but she is lovelier than ever. I wish you could see her, if it were only to convince you of the truth of my prediction. The fountain of affection has been unsealed, its waters have found a channel broad and deep, and never did man drink from the purer and more refreshing stream."

"Wonders will never cease," said I to myself as I folded the letter. "Lizzie F. cooking, baking, waiting upon her lazy husband, wearing check aprons and—pshaw, it is nothing but a lover's exaggeration."

Bye and bye another letter brought me tidings of an addition to their happiness. Lizzie was a mother; and with every promise of being as robust as its father. "How will the baking and boiling go on now," thought I, "with this new claimant upon Lizzie's time?" But there came no murmurs in the frequent letters which I received from both my friends, and I must confess that the refined and intellectual tone of Lizzie's epistolary communications struck me with surprise. She seemed to have undergone a complete metamorphose, and, excepting in her sunny cheerfulness, I could discern no trace of the light-minded, frivolous, indolent woman of fashion.

Seven years passed away, and then another change came over the fortunes of the twin.—Miss Weldon, afflicted with the lingering illness, which, while it brought death to watch beside her pillow, still allowed her time to lay aside her prejudices and animosities. She had no relative to inherit her wealth, and the remembrance of the child whom she had reared from infancy, came to her like the gentle vision.—She would fain have summoned Lizzie to her sick bed, but it was too late. She did all that she now could however, and with the news of her death, which I was deputed to convey to my friends, I was enabled also to make them acquainted with their accession to a large and unincumbered property. Of course the log-cabin was speedily abandoned, and among the list of arrivals at the Astor house was soon numbered the name of Frank F., Esq., and family. I hastened to offer my congratulations, and I hope I may be pardoned if a little curiosity to witness time's changes in Lizzie, mingled with my better feelings. But Lizzie was one of those happy creatures whom Love renovates faster than Time can despoil. Her person had acquired a noble fullness, without losing the slightest portion of its grace, and her face was as radiant in its fresh beauty as if she had numbered only weeks instead of years, during the latter half of her life. She showed me her three healthy children, fat, chubby little creatures, full in health and spirits as all healthy children should be, and the pride which sparkled in her eye left me no doubts as to her maternal feelings. She spoke of her husband with a degree of enthusiasm, which charmed me, and when he entered, and I saw the bright heart-beam which flashed across her face, as she looked upon him, I readily acknowledged on my soul that Frank had proved a true seer.—Love had wrought out his mighty work—the beautiful statue had been revived by his touch, and the heart which had so long slumbered in quiet apathy, now throbbled with the firm, strong, healthful pulsations of self-forgetting and devoted womanly tenderness.

Lizzie still lives in comfort and affluence, the idol of her husband, the beloved of her children, admired and esteemed by all who know her, and affording by her daily life, a beautiful testimonial of Love's magic.

There are hundreds of the women who live and die with energies but half awakened, and characters but half developed. The oracle within their souls is dumb, or only utters those unintelligible words which require the interpretation of the prophet voice of love or power ere they can be fully understood.

HOPE.

Eternal hope! thy realm is unfading—thou art strong even in the mania—thou art present in high and low condition—thou art a balm for every woe—thou leadest to the Himalayan summit of time—spreadest Eternity before us like one grand Panorama—and showest us joys at God's right hand, that shall never pall or fade while eternity endures! Oh! when marble shall moulder—When arts shall crumble—and worlds the flaming fire decay, thou shalt light thy torch with the last blazing fragments of expiring nature, and live eternal in the skies.

What is the man without the hope of future life? How feeble! how disconsolate! how unattracted! Earth, it is true, has a thousand allurements, and opens to our taste unnumbered sources of joy; but in the midst of them there is a certain something wanting to gratify the soul, if the hope of immortality be absent.

"How do you do, Mr. Smith?"
"Do what?"
"Why, how do you find yourself?"
"I never lose myself."
"Well, how have you been?"
"Been! been where?"
"Pshaw! how do you feel?"
"Feel of me and see."
"Good morning, Mr. Smith."
"It's not a good morning; it's infernal wet and nasty." Here the parties separated.

Industry and economy are the best capital.

SEIZURE OF THE SCHOONER SPITFIRE.

We mentioned in our last paper the arrival of the above named Schooner at Boston in charge of a Lieutenant of the U. S. Navy from the coast of Africa. We learn from the Boston Post that the Captain and crew were arrested on Wednesday afternoon by the U. S. Commissioner, for examination, on the complaint of Robert Rantoul, Jr. District Attorney, charging that they shipped at New Orleans on the 10th of December last, on board of the Spitfire, and helped to fit her out, with intent to engage in the African Slave trade. The names of the prisoners are as follows:

Peter Flowery, captain; Ferdinand Welz, Wm. Otter, Henry Tangerman, Wm. Turner, Wm. Pense, Frederic Enners, Antonio Del Mijo, and Ebenezer Jackson.

P. W. Chandler, appeared as counsel for the defense.

After the complaint had been read to them, the prisoners respectively pleaded "not guilty;" and then, by consent of their counsel, Mr. Rantoul read the deposition of Thomas Turner, taken on board the U. S. Brig Truxton, at sea, March 16th 1844. Turner was mate of the Manchester, wrecked on the coast. He knew the vessel called the Spitfire in Baltimore, in 1844, under the name of Caballero, and saw her in February last in the river Pongo, landing water casks. He supposed her business was to take on board a cargo of slaves, "because, 1st, she had two captains, an American captain and a Spanish captain; 2nd, all her goods were consigned to the owner of the slave factory off which she was moored; 3rd, her appearance was that of a vessel built for speed rather than cargo; 4th, her having water cask shocks on board. The owner of the factory at Rio Pongo was P. Faber.

Mr. Rantoul also read the following further statement of Turner, to show his means of knowing the character of the "Caballero," alias "Spitfire."

"I entered on board the Schooner Caballero at Baltimore, Maryland, on the 11th day of November, 1843, in the capacity of seaman and carpenter, to perform a voyage to the West Coast of Africa, having been assured by Morgan S. Gordon, then master of Caballero, that she was to make a trading voyage to the coast. Not being able to procure a clearance from the Baltimore Custom House, we sailed from there to New York, with a 'coasting license,' having on board all the cargo intended for the African coast. At New York the Caballero was cleared for the coast of Africa. We sailed from New York on the 27th day of November 1843, and arrived Rio Pongo, west coast of Africa, in the latter part of December. We ascended the Rio Pongo to Mr. P. Faber's slave factory, where we discharged all the vessel's cargo, and took in water and ballast. We sailed from the Rio Pongo and proceeded to Prince's Island, where we took on board 18 casks of about 120 gallons each, called palm oil casks, and returned to Rio Pongo, touching on the way at Grand Bassa. On arriving in the Rio Pongo, the vessel was again moored near Mr. P. Faber's slave factory. Preparations were then made to take on board a cargo of slaves, by filling the (so called) palm oil casks and thirty five other casks with water, these having been brought from the United States in shoals, as part of Caballero's cargo getting on board wood, rice, &c. During the time of these operations the Caballero was under the American flag. She was then sold to Mr. P. Faber for the sum of \$10,000, and her name was scratched off her stern. After the slaves were landed the vessel was delivered over to the Spaniards where she lay.

The vessel I left lying in the Rio Pongo on the 11th of February last, named the Spitfire, of New Orleans, and supposed to be lying there now, is the same vessel, whose voyage to the West Indies I have described above. The said vessel always hoists American colors when the British Man-of-war boats come in sight of her."

Mr. Chandler, for the defence, as the Circuit Court was now in session, consented to waive any further inquiry before the Commissioner, and that the prisoners should be held to answer to the charge, if any, which the Grand Jury might find against them. Thereupon the prisoners were committed to jail, and the four witnesses against them, in default of bail, were also committed. The Post further states that "Captain Flowery, a rather short man, is apparently about fifty years of age and belongs to New York. The other prisoners are young men; six of them are Germans or Dutchmen, and the other two half-breeds—Mijo is half Spanish and half Indian, and Jackson half Spanish and half negro. The white men look as respectable as any company of foremast hands that may be met with on board of any vessel."

U. S. Circuit Court. The Grand Jury on Saturday morning returned bill of indictment against Capt. Peter Flowery, of the schooner, Spitfire, for piracy, in being engaged in the slave trade on the coast of Africa—but they found no bill against the crew of the vessel.

Cherries and Gooseberries were for sale in the New York market last week.

IRON. No article manufactured to any great extent in the world, has furnished the manufacturer any thing like the profit which iron has done for some time past. This great profit must stimulate the manufacturer in the United States very rapidly. Had New England possessed extensive iron regions, like Pennsylvania, the world would have looked here for its supply of iron, as certainly as it does now for cotton. Our system of corporations would have systemized the production on such an extensive scale, that we should have undersold all the European iron masters. The iron manufacture has languished from the lack of a sufficiency of aggregated capital to carry on systematic operations upon an extensive scale. Notwithstanding the vast quantities of Railroad iron required in the United States, we have not had even a single manufactory of the article in the United States—until within a few months, for the simple reason that it requires a capital of half a million of dollars to set the work in operation, and the policy of the States in which iron works could be advantageously constructed, has not favored the formation of corporations for the purpose; while at the same time, no capitalists of sufficient ability have been found to invest in the undertaking. The first company for the manufacture of Railroad iron in the United States, commenced operation, in Maryland under the auspices of some English capitalists, a few months ago. It now turns out 100 tons a week and is putting up two new blast furnaces and an immense blowing engine, which will be completed by the first of August, after which time the works will turn out 300 tons a week. This company has furnished the Fall River Railroad with 1000 tons of rails at \$60 a ton, but now obtains \$85 a ton for all which it can furnish. Their rails are pronounced fully equal if not superior to the best British rails. Their works now give employment to upwards of 1000 persons. Recently a company of Boston capitalists have got similar works into operation at Bradey's Bend, 50 miles west of Pittsburg, Penn.

Accurate statistical tables of the total product of iron in the world, give the aggregate number of tons made last year, at 2,917,363, of which England furnished 1,481,600, and the United States 443,100 tons, being the next largest quantity furnished by any nation. All the iron made in the United States is consumed in this country, and much more is imported in addition from England, Russia, and Sweden. Two thirds of all the iron in the United States is smelted from the ore in Pennsylvania. The amount of iron used in the United States in the form of rails, alone, is estimated at 50,000 tons. Forty thousand casks, or four million pounds, are annually made by the Boston company, on the mill dam. The English papers state that within a year, Bar iron has advanced from £5 to £12 per ton and Pig iron from 35s. 13s. per ton. [N. Y. Express.

Series of Casualties. Mr. Samuel H. Rand, of Rye, is now seventy years of age, and somewhat corpulent. Two years since he fell and broke one of his thighs, from which, after much pain and distress, he recovered. In February last, he fell again on the ice, and broke the other thigh. He had so far passed again through this severe visitation, as to permit him to venture abroad on crutches, when last week he fell again and broke an arm. Job's afflictions were of a different kind, but but certainly could not have been more painful to the body.

Ports. Jour. A Little Rock paper tells a story of a youth put upon the witness stand, who was greatly bothered by the counsel on the opposite sides—one complaining that he could not understand the witness, and the other claiming the protection of the Court against such interruptions.—Loosing his patience at last the youth addressed himself to the court—"If you'll just stop 'em both, I'll tell my story so that the greatest fool in the house will understand it all."

THE CLERK AND THE DEVIL. A merchant's clerk came into a printing office a short time since, and seeing a pile of papers lying on the table, (it being the day for publication) uncertainly helped himself to a copy, and uttered the following to the printer's devil:—"I sposed you don't take any pay for just one paper?"

"Not always" replied the devil.—Shortly afterwards the devil entered the store where the clerk belonged, and called for a pound of raisins, which was quickly weighed out to him by the clerk—"The devil took the raisins saying—"I sposed you don't charge any thing when a fellow don't take but a pound?" "No," said the clerk, after seeing the disadvantage under which he was placed by his own stingy impudent illiberality towards the penniless printer's devil, and looking daggers at the little imp, indignantly exclaimed:—"When I get any more newspapers from a printer I'll pay for 'em!" [Exchange Paper.

SINGING. A young man at a social party was vehemently called upon to sing a song. He replied that he would tell a story, and that then, if they still persisted in their demand, he would endeavor to execute a song. When a boy well in his teens he took lessons in singing; and one Sunday morning he went up into his father's garret, as had been his custom, to practice all alone by himself. While in full cry he was suddenly sent for by the old gentleman. "This is pretty conduct," exclaimed his father, pretty employment for the son of pious parents, singing songs in the garret on a Sunday morning, had enough to be heard by all the neighbors! Sit down and take your book." The young man was unanimously excused from singing the proposed song; there was a species of presumptive evidence against him.

WONDERFUL ESCAPE. The Black River Journal records an extraordinary preservation of life which occurred in Turin, a few days since. A child about three years old while playing near a mill-dam, fell into a hole leading to a subterranean room by which the water is carried to a grist mill. Another child, somewhat older caught the little fellow by the heels, and held on for some moments, but the force of the current was too great for her, and she was obliged to let go. The alarm was given, the race-gate was shut and the wai-gate opened as soon as possible, but with little or no hope of doing more than recovering the body. A man, however who ventured into the room, was surprised at hearing the child's voice calling for help, and it was quickly rescued by digging. The little fellow had clutched a stone, as he was hurried along by the force of the water—guided to it by a ray of light which came thro' a crevice made by the frost. When asked how he happened to catch hold of the stone, he said "it was dark in there, and he thought he would get out of the window."

QUERIES. A contemporary, noticing a suicide recently committed in his neighborhood, says, "We do not learn that any reasonable cause is assigned for the commission of so deplorable an act." Was there ever a "reasonable cause" for committing suicide? [Transcript.

[Yes—not paying the printer, for long, long years.]

BUSINESS.

Who has forgotten the many predictions of "ruin" to all classes, which would be sure to follow the election of James K. Polk, made by those honest (!) and patriotic (!) whigs, prior to the Presidential election in November last? Every department of industry and commercial enterprise was to receive a fatal blow, and a general stagnation of business in all parts of the country was sure to be witnessed and felt. Such was the mournful tale told by the opponents of the democratic course of policy. It was harped upon for months, and poured into every voter's ear throughout our land. The dread day came—the democrats were successful, sweeping all before them and consequently producing a radical change in the measures of policy of this country. The year 1845 has fairly opened—the administration is in full power, and the multiplied and various departments of all kinds of business which commence with the opening of each year, are in successful operation. We hear nothing of "ruin and hard times." The capitalists are adding to their already hoarded treasures. The merchant is selling his usual quantity of goods at advanced prices. The manufacturing corporations are devoting their 25 percent. The workingman finds an abundance of employ, and plentiful means of subsistence for himself and family. In fine throughout our whole country prosperity reigns, and comfort and happiness abound.

Now we will not attribute this state of things entirely to the success of the democratic party, or the defeat of the whigs, because we know the abundant resources of our country, and the indomitable energies of our people will always render successful the efforts of every class, whichever party may be in power. We allude to it more particularly, to convince the reader of the absurdity and unreasonableness of the predictions made previous to the election, that "ruin" was sure to follow the event of Mr. Polk's success, and remind those who listened to those deceptive stories, that it is far better to reason from, and be governed by, their own past experience and judgment, than to rely upon the assertions of those political managers, who in almost every campaign, unblushingly declare that the prosperity of our country and of every individual depends solely upon the success of their candidate. The whigs have been proverbial for this sort of electioneering, and in the late election resorted to it with more than their usual zeal, proclaiming every where, and at all times, "that the salvation of the country depended upon Henry Clay's election, and the re-establishment of a National Bank." The result has again proved them "false prophets." [Bath Inquirer.

Speaking of the universal prosperity now prevailing through our land, the Pittsburg Post says: "It must be painful—at least to our whig friends, to witness how many instances of this kind of ruin in the election of Mr. Polk has inflicted on the country."

A fact which will be noticed by every observer, is, that these indications of increasing prosperity are solid, and are justified by the increasing demands throughout the country. It is based on sound capital and honest labor, and has a very different foundation from the prosperity that the whigs wished to create by the establishment of another national monster. The basis was to have been bank paper, with which stock-jobbers might speculate on the industry of the people, and which would tend to make the rich richer, while, by inflating the prices of all the necessities of life, it would increase the difficulties of the working men, and make them still more dependant on the capricious will of the wealthy. But the democratic doctrine is that honest labor is the source of all wealth, and that it is to the industry and enterprise of the real producers that the country must look for the solid prosperity, and not to the stock-jobbing cunning of speculators.

The disposition of the democratic party to encourage labour and to yield every branch of industry fair protection, not only from foreign competition, but to guard it from the baleful influence of a worse enemy at home—an inflated paper currency—had given impetus to the producing powers of the country that is spreading prosperity and confidence from one end of the Union to the other.

This is the moral influence of the election of a democratic President, on whose republican honesty the people rely, and whose administration they expect will be guided by the equalizing principles of pure democracy.—All the Banks that Congress could incorporate could not do as much to create confidence or restore prosperity, as the certainty that for the next four years the country will be under democratic management, and the assurance that the scheme of the whig leaders for the personal aggrandizement by the establishment of a paper money monster, can receive no encouragement from the government during that period.

THE INDIAN COUNTRY. The Arkansas Intelligencer states that the Annual Council of the Creeks commenced on the first inst., and was well attended. The runners which were sent out to the prairies did not succeed in bringing in the Camanches and other wild tribes, but on the contrary, narrowly escaped being murdered. They were robbed of every thing they had with them, and were then chased six days and nights. The Pawnees, it is thought, will war upon the Creeks during the ensuing summer. The Creeks will decide during the present Council the course to be pursued towards them. The Wacos, Kichees and Caddoes are the only Prairie tribes that will be represented. A party of fifteen Creeks who went on the prairies to trade, had been murdered by the Camanches. A party of rowdy soldiers at Fort Smith, on the night of the 28th ult., assailed a Creek Indian and beat him nearly to death, it is said, without any provocation whatever. The U. S. Commissioner, Gen. Mason, and Col. S. C. Stambaugh had left for Washington City A. Another paper is about to be established in the Choctaw Nation.

The London papers report that the plague has broken out at Jerusalem, and that the number of deaths is about forty each day.

Gov. Dorr in Prison. His Department. A friend of ours, who has recently been in Rhode Island, and is personally acquainted with Governor Dorr, took the opportunity to visit the Algonquin Bastille in Providence, for the purpose of seeing his old friend, and shaking him by the hand. On repairing to the Warden's room, he found that admission to Gov. Dorr's cell was denied him, while to other portions of the Bastille, it was permitted. Not being able to obtain the desired entrance, he inquired every particularly about his location, his health and employment. He found that his cell overlooked the yard in the rear, and during the hours of labor, Gov. Dorr was with the other prisoners at work painting fans. For some time past, he had been very feeble, and was scarcely able, from his infirmities, to walk to his labor, or to the services of the Chaplain on Sunday, of which he had been attentive and constant hearer, with one exception about a fortnight ago, when his health would not permit his attendance. From 5 o'clock in the afternoon of every Saturday, to the following Monday, when labor was not enjoined, he experienced the most distress, and could only be from his cell sufficient time to attend the services of the Chaplain, occupying in all about two hours. Our informant assured us that Gov. Jackson had recently visited the prison, in virtue of his office, and had an interview with Mr. Dorr, which has much enhanced his opinion of the noble mind and character of this great champion of republic an freedom.

As Gov. Jackson approached him, he rose, held out his hand, and addressed him with all the affability, ease and confidence of former times, when Mr. Dorr was in practice of law, and they were wont to exchange words of courtesy becoming their position. No one would have seen in his department anything of the air of a criminal—but a noble aspect of dignity and self reliance. They conversed about an hour. Gov. Dorr made no particular disclosures of his treatment, or descended to allude to the details of persecution by his infamous opponents.

His bearing, throughout, was gentlemanly and unaffectedly dignified. Our informant says, such is his universal course. No one would feel like approaching him familiarly, in order to obtain anything like a narration of his injuries. He is too high-minded for his persecutors should change places at once.—[Boston Times.

PROPOSITIONS. The Washington Union gives to the public the subjoined information concerning the propositions heretofore made by the Government of the United States to that of Great Britain, for the adjustment of the Western boundary dispute:

The proposition first made by the United States was, that the 49th parallel of latitude, which had been adopted as the dividing line between their territories and those of Great Britain, from the vicinity of the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains, should be continued westward as far as the possession of the two nations extending in that direction—thus offering to resign their right to what lay farther north. This being rejected, it was agreed that as neither party claimed a perfect title to any portion of this country, the whole should be left free and open to the people of both for ten years.

Within those ten years the title of Spain to all north of the 45th parallel was surrendered to the United States; and Russia engaged to make no settlements south of the latitude of 54 degrees 40 minutes. The American government thereupon proposed an agreement, by which Great Britain should make no settlements south of the 51st parallel, and the United States should make none north of that line, substituting afterward the 49th parallel for the 51st; and then, in 1825, came the first definite proposition from Great Britain for a partition of the territory.

The line of separation was to run along the 49th parallel from the Rocky Mountains to a large branch of the Columbia, down which, and down the main stream, it was to be continued to the sea. Great Britain was to have all north and west of the line, except that the United States should possess a small detached territory in the angle formed between the Pacific shore and the southern side of the Strait of Fuca, comprising one harbor for small vessels on the ocean, and one for large vessels on the strait. Upon this negotiation ended.

In 1826, the United States, for the first time, proposed the 49th parallel, as the definitive line of boundary from the Rocky Mountains to the open Pacific; to which the British replied by repeating their proposition as above stated. Neither party would yield more; and so, after formally withdrawing their respective offers, by which each declared that it was in no wise to be considered bound thereafter, they renewed the agreement, to leave the country open to the people of both, for an indefinite period; subject, however, to be terminated after a year's notice of such attention by either to the other. The agreement still subsists.

THE PAWNEES. It is thought, will war upon the Creeks during the ensuing summer. The Creeks will decide during the present Council the course to be pursued towards them. The Wacos, Kichees and Caddoes are the only Prairie tribes that will be represented. A party of fifteen Creeks who went on the prairies to trade, had been murdered by the Camanches. A party of rowdy soldiers at Fort Smith, on the night of the 28th ult., assailed a Creek Indian and beat him nearly to death, it is said, without any provocation whatever. The U. S. Commissioner, Gen. Mason, and Col. S. C. Stambaugh had left for Washington City A. Another paper is about to be established in the Choctaw Nation.

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NEW HAMPSHIRE RAILROADS. The Dover Enquirer of this morning says—The Railroad Commissioners, it is said, have reported in favor of laying out all of the Railroads which they have thus far been called upon to examine.—These are the Cheshire—the Northern from Concord and Montreal, from Concord, via Meredith, Plymouth, Haverhill and Stanstead, to Montreal. The Governor and Council, the Concord Patriot says, have also approved of the same.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JUNE 3, 1845.

STAND TOGETHER.

We copy the following article from the Portland Argus, and recommend it to the serious attention of our readers.

In the calm which has naturally succeeded the stormy contest of last November, the Democracy should not forget the political duties which yet remain to them. It is not enough that they have elected a Republican administration; they must add to its efficiency, by giving it their united support.—Watched and carped at as it is by eagle-eyed and bitter enemies, it needs to be sustained and encouraged by the approving voice of its generous friends. Without these, and the energy and boldness which these impart, its power for usefulness must be seriously impaired, and the measures which it may from time to time put forth, must run the risk of a lamentable failure. An administration without a party, must, of necessity, be a weak Administration, however wise its head, or honest its endeavors—not always so weak, perhaps, as that of Tyler, though even he might have seemed less weak, had he leaned upon a great party for support—but yet without the necessary strength to impart vigor to its councils, and energy to its action. The sway of public opinion in a free country, cannot well be over-estimated, and although, in the end, it will seldom fail to deal justly by public men and political rulers, yet when constantly acted on by a legal and influential class of persons, who are interested to give it a particular direction, and whose efforts meet no effective, organized opposition, it hardly has a fair chance to determine rightly, and may, at first, be found on the wrong side.

The art of thus controlling public opinion, by concerted and violent action, at a time when their political opponents are somewhat off their guard, is one which the Whig party thoroughly understand, and to the exercise of which they owe much of the little success they have ever had. At the nomination of Gen. Harrison, in 1839, the Democracy deemed his defeat too probable to admit of serious doubt, and it was not till their opponents had got the start of them in all the movements of the canvass—had filled the public ear and the public mind with their own false issues and false stories—that they stirred seriously from their inaction, and began to prepare in earnest for battle. They were thus absolutely beaten, before they had begun to fight. The "sober second thought," to be sure, was not long in showing itself, but it could not save the nation from the Tyler gripe, which was only shaken off on the 4th of March. The Administration which then came into power, was eminently a popular Administration. The motto, "Young Hickory, Dallas and Victory!" had been shouted with enthusiasm in all portions of the Union, and had stirred the feelings of the people with a power almost approaching that which has so long dwelt in the magic name of the venerated Jackson—and upon the accession to office of the fortunate disciple of the old chief, he had with him, beyond a doubt, the best wishes of the whole Democracy. It is for that Democracy now to stand by him in the republican course—to cheer him by their plaudits—to strengthen his hands by their support. That he will do his duty to them, honestly and unflinchingly, his whole conduct, since his election, has given indubitable proof; and, in their turn, they should see to it that they fail not of their duty to him.

A Democratic President has always much to embarrass him in the fierce and reckless opposition of the Federal party, who are constantly seeking out some object in his administration which they may profitably attack. President Polk, having to deal with many delicate and important questions, may not hope to escape his full share of their anathemas. For having dared to assert our title to Oregon, a title which has been asserted by almost every living American statesman, they have already, with some honorable exceptions, poured out upon him the vials of their wrath, and commenced a warfare which, in any contingency, they doubtless mean to follow up. If such is the beginning, what must be the progress and the end of their partisan warfare? If they thus complain at the assertion of a plain national right, what is there with which they will not find fault, in the whole circle of Executive action? With the vital subjects of Oregon and Texas to claim its best consideration and care, and with the constant efforts of Federalism to harass it, both on these, and matters of minor consequence, well may the Administration look to its friends for their faithful and unwavering support. Such support it needs, for the safety of the great interests committed to its charge, and the Democracy would be unfaithful to their cause and to themselves, did they hesitate or neglect to accord it.

We call, then, upon our Republican friends in Maine to stand together, in behalf of their principles and their cause. Before we are well aware of it, we shall be on the threshold of our State election, and miserable indeed would it be were we to be surprised and beaten in that contest. Shameful would be our disgrace, if we suffered the glory of Maine to be obscured now, by a single shade, through our inactivity or divisions, or our neglect. In the brilliant track of Democratic victories which brightened the autumn of 1844, Maine nobly led the way, and her clear, Northern Star, it was which guided the Republican hosts to their final triumph. Let not that Star be now eclipsed, but like the pole star of the heavens, let it remain fixed, safe, and unfailing guide. To secure it thus, our friends need only to be united and active in support of their common cause. It is their principles, after all, which constitute the only bond of

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Abel Andrews,	35	D	25	26	137	60
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Amos Parker,	2	3	D	60	25	1 38
Hon. M. Sawyer,	1	3	100	60	77	1 44
Joseph Adams,	1	2	3		112	2 60
John Adams,	1	2	3	50	42	2 29
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July 1, 1844. 17

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ed at said Maria; that they may appear at a Probate Court
to be held at said Paris, on the 4th Tuesday of June next, at
of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have,
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GEO. F. EMERY, Register.
GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

C. W. WALTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW



